

Swan Queen Drabbles

by swensualpizza

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Summary: A collection of short, fluffy, dorky Swan Queen drabbles. :)
(Sorry I suck at descriptions) *tacos* I update on Thursdays! :P

Rated K

1. Swan Queen Texts

Regina laid awake in her bed as she stared up at the ceiling, completely lost in thought.

Emma Swan.

Granny's.

The kiss.

It had all happened so quickly that Regina had a hard time believing it had ever happened at all. Was it real? Was Emma as infatuated with her as Regina was with Emma? What if this meant something? What if it was just a joke?

Regina's heart broke a little at that thought. What if it was just a joke? What if Emma was just making fun of her? Would Emma do that?

No, Regina decided, _Emma wouldn't do that._ Emma was too kind. Too thoughtful. Sure, she could be an ass sometimes, but she never really meant anything by it. She was just being herself.

So what did it mean, then? Did Emma love her back? Or did she think it was "just" a kiss?

Regina subconsciously hummed her agreement with herself, this was

nothing important to Emma. Regina was probably just overreacting.

Maybe Regina was just around, passively appealing, there was a moment, and it happened. It's not like they were "in love" or anything.

It was just a kiss.

Regina's phone suddenly buzzed from where it sat on her nightstand, startling Regina from her thoughts.

Regina grabbed it and saw that it was a text from Emma.

"You don't have to over-think it, Reg."

Regina sighed, Emma knew her all too well. "What is that supposed to mean?" she asked, even though she knew exactly what Emma was talking about.

"That thing you do, where you get lost in your head while you argue with yourself about all of your feelings and what everything means."

Regina paused for a moment before arguing, "I don't do that," and waiting for Emma to respond. She did, rather quickly.

"You do. I just don't want you to be worried about it or think that you did anything wrong when I pulled away. You didn't do anything wrong."

Regina smiled at that, Emma really did know her too well.

She hesitated again, thinking of what to say. She didn't want to mess anything up by making it seem too serious, but she really did want to know what the kiss meant. Would it be safe to... Kiss her back maybe? To assume that they had something going?

"So why did you pull away?"

"You didn't kiss back," Emma said, "I thought you were uncomfortable. Were you?"

"No," Regina sent before composing another message, "Just surprised."

Emma didn't reply for a few minutes so Regina sent her another message.

"Why did you kiss me?"

About five minutes passed before Regina's phone buzzed again. "I don't know."

Regina felt her heart fall, even though she had tried so hard to keep her hopes from rising.

"You don't?"

"I don't know how to explain it to you without making you think I'm

weird."—

—"I already think you're weird, dear."—

—"True. It was something I've been wanting to do for a while now, I just never had the guts to."—

—"Why's that?"—

—"I don't know. Fear of rejection?"—

About another second passed before Emma sent another message. — "Speaking of which, why haven't you rejected me yet?"—

Regina thought carefully before typing her next message.

—"Why are you so confident I'm going to reject you? Maybe I liked the kiss."—

—"What does that mean for us?"—

—"What did the kiss mean to you?"— Regina countered, putting aside Emma's question for later.

Several moments passed before Emma replied.

—"I love you."—

Regina stared at the text, wondering if it was an illusion. A lie? A joke? Why would Emma joke about this?

—"I'm sorry,"— Emma said after several moments of Regina contemplating what to say,—"I didn't want to make it weird."—

Regina's heart tugged a little bit at how Emma always thought she was saying the wrong things and making things awkward. Little did she know that in Regina's world, she was saying all the right things.

—"Everything about us is already weird Miss Swan. You're my magic step-granddaughter who also happens to be the mother of my son."—

—"And I love you too,"— she quickly added, not wanting to miss her moment but then mentally slapping herself as soon as she said it.

Ten minutes of agonizing silence from the younger woman ensued, and Regina started freaking out. She began sweating, fumbling with her fingers, and eventually found herself staring at the blank screen of her phone, waiting for it to light up.

Once it did, all of Regina's fears were washed away.

—"I guess that settles it then. Wanna have dinner Friday night? We could watch a movie?"—

—"Yes."—

_ "Cool. I'll be there at nine, or when Henry is asleep." _

_ Cool?_ How could Emma be so calm about this? This was life-altering for Regina.

_ Cool._

Little did she know that Emma was freaking out on the other side, squealing and jumping around her room while air guitarizing.

. . .

_ **A/N:**_ _ **Hello my lovelies 3**_

_ **Hope you liked this! I wrote it in the car on the way to a family thing, lol. Do you want to see more of these? Feel free to request! :D Thank you dearies 3 3**_

_ **Also thanks for reading!**_

_ **Byeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee 3 3 *kisses***_

2. Breakfast

_ What is that smell?_ Regina thought, crinkling her nose in her sleep. At first, it had smelled wonderful, sort of smoky with a hint of cinnamon, but then the smell became more intense. Before Regina knew it, her watering eyes shot open and she was choking on the air she was bringing in.

The first thing Regina noticed when she woke up was that her wife wasn't laying beside her anymore. Henry wasn't anywhere in the house because he had spent the night with his Charming Grandparents, so Emma and Regina were alone in the house... Which meant whatever that smell was, Emma was causing it. Regina groaned.

_ God dammit, Emma._

Regina jumped out of bed, slipped her blue robe on over her underwear and quickly walked (never run down the stairs) down the stairs and into the kitchen where she was faced with her wife, covered in white foam and spraying the oven (which was on fire) with the red fire extinguisher.

Regina watched for a moment, slightly amused, very pissed off that she was up so early on a Saturday morning, and a little confused as to why the fire alarm wasn't going off.

Sure enough, as soon as she thought it, a loud BEEP BEEP BEEP chorused through the kitchen. Emma ceased spraying the oven (that was still in fire) to cover her ears, making Regina's heart momentarily tug at how Emma always covered her ears when she was scared or there was some sort of conflict.

With an exasperated sigh, Regina magically poofed the fire away and hurled the blasted fire alarm towards the wall before magicking the fire extinguisher back to its place on the wall.

"What the hell were you thinking, Miss Swan?"

"Are you mad?"

"No."

"You always call me 'Miss Swan' when you're mad. Or when you're turned on, but I figured the first was a more likely option."

"Emma."

"I'm sorry. I was trying to make you apple pancakes for breakfast and the whole thing sort of backfired... Literally."

Regina glared, not enjoying her wife's humor but then chuckled at the sight of the younger woman covered in white foam from the fire extinguisher. "Did you spray yourself first?"

Emma blushed as Regina walked up to her and she nodded. "I couldn't figure out how the nozzle worked,"

Regina smiled wetly and wrapped her arms around the blonde, not even caring that some of the white foam was rubbing off on her. She leaned in and placed a kiss on her wife's lips.

"Thank you for breakfast, dear, it was a sweet thought. How about we take a shower and then head to Granny's. You can finish cleaning up my disaster of a kitchen later," Regina said with false scorn in her eyes at the last sentence.

Emma smiled. "Okay," she said as Regina grinned, kissed her again, and then dragged her up the stairs to the bathroom to take a shower.

3. Eyes Shut

**A/N: **

"Nothing's gonna hurt me with my eyes shut."

I was listening to that song while writing this and I'm not sure the relevance but it put me in a fluffy mood. 3

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Emma laid in the arms of her English 12 teacher and girlfriend of a little over a year. In the cozy arms of the older brunette, Emma finally felt safe.

Wanted. _

Loved. _

It was a strange feeling, a feeling that came with an unfamiliar presence of peace in her soul. For the first time in her life, Emma felt really and truly happy. She was completely content with where her life had brought her.

Emma let a small smile grace her features before cuddling further

into the safety of the crook in Regina's neck and closing her eyes, letting herself slowly fall asleep.

4. In Which Emma is Caught Stealing Cookies

Almost there...

You can do it, Swan.

Just a few more inches.

Streeeeeeeeeeethhh--

"Emma Marie Swan! What on earth do you think you're doing?"

Crap.

"Uh," was all Emma could manage before she tumbled, the chair slipping up from beneath her. Emma shrieked, expecting her face to become well acquainted with the linoleum of the kitchen floor, but just as she was about to meet the ground she felt herself getting scooped up into the magical arms of the older brunette woman.

"Emma," Regina asked after gently setting Emma down onto the floor, "Can I ask what you were doing standing on two stacked chairs on top of my kitchen counter?"

Emma's face flushed and she smiled sheepishly before explaining, "I was trying to get a cookie."

Regina raised an eyebrow, "You know, there's a reason that I keep the cookie jar on the top shelf, dear. So you and Henry don't get into them." Emma mumbled a quick apology before Regina chuckled, using her magic to transport the cookie jar onto the kitchen counter. She motioned for Emma to help herself, and once she was done, Regina transported the jar back onto the highest shelf.

"Next time you should just ask instead of risking your life."

5. The Dark Knight

Her brown eyes sparkled through her black visor. Those eyes infatuated Emma. They were warm and chocolaty, rich, hopeful, and strong.

For a moment, they made Emma wish that they weren't in the middle of a war, about to clash on the battlefield. For a moment, they made Emma wish more than anything that she was back home, that all of this was over. It gave her an uneasy feeling in the pit of her stomach, almost like the feeling you get when you know your fate is sealed and there's nothing you can do about it. There was no way to escape.

The enemies army was closer now, and the dark knight that held Emma's gaze was only a few yards in front of her.

Emma drew her sword, encouraging her light army on, all the while

keeping eye contact with the beautiful dark knight in front of her.

Well, Emma didn't know if she was beautiful, since the only part of her that was visible behind her armor was her eyes, but eyes are the windows to the soul, and Emma could tell that this soul was pure. If Emma could just see past that helmet and into that heart, Emma knew she would never need to see another soul again. This one would have been enough.

And those eyes, those eyes like the sun, burned into her, watching her every move.

One yard away.

The dark knight was so close to Emma, close enough for Emma to strike. But Emma didn't. She was mesmerized by the knight's eyes, she couldn't shake herself out of it.

The dark knight brought her sword up to strike as chaos erupted around them and the battle raged on. She brought her sword down, stopping merely a centimeter before it would have hit Emma's chest.

Emma sucked in a shocked breath as she remembered she was still in battle, and this infatuating dark knight was going to kill her. She was the enemy.

But the dark knight's sword never touched Emma. She slowly turned, breaking eye contact with Emma as she slaughtered the person next to her.

She turned back around to Emma, meeting her eyes. She said nothing, but Emma knew what she meant.

This time, I let you go. It won't happen again. Go.

Emma nodded and busied herself the battle raging around her, but little did she know that it was only the beginning of her never-ending war with the dark knight that had eyes like the sun. This was just the beginning of everything.

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6. Just Leave Me Alone, Jefferson

**A/N: Sorry this is late, guys. :)***

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Regina lay on her couch, facing away from her best friend that was rummaging through her kitchen as she re-read the text messages from Emma on her phone.

"Reggie!" Jefferson called from the kitchen, causing her to roll her eyes. She hated that nickname, and Jefferson was the only one that was allowed to call her that. "What?" she called back, her eyes never straying from her phone screen.

"Do you have any left-over pizza from the other day with Henry or is that all gone?"

"I threw it away," Regina yelled back, "It was getting gross."

"Pizza never gets gross," Jefferson stated, shuffling back into Regina's living room in his robe, "What's wrong with you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why do you keep staring at your phone?"

Regina sighed. She knew where this was going.

"Jefferson..."

"Is this about Emma?" he deadpanned, already knowing that it was. Regina shook her head and pointlessly lied, "Why do you always think that everything is about Emma?"

Jefferson signed for her to sit up so that he could sit beside her. She did and then let him wrap his arm around her in a friendly embrace. "With you, it's always about Emma. Emma or Henry."

Regina cuddled further into Jefferson's arm when she felt her heart tug a little bit at his statement. If it had been anybody else, she probably would have fried them by now. But she knew Jefferson was right.

"Jefferson," Regina started, "You knew me back in the Enchanted Forest. You knew me as the evil queen, you've seen me do terrible, awful things... Some of those things I even did to you."

"Your point, milady?"

"Even if I could be lovable after all of that, Emma's a hero. There's no way a hero like her could love a villain like me, and she deserves better, and..."

"Stop." Jefferson held his fingers up to Regina's lips and pinched them shut before he continued.

"You're right," Jefferson said, "You have done terrible things. You've tricked me, blackmailed me, abandoned me in a world full of high caterpillars and crazy redheads with heart obsessions that cut people's head's off for fun and..."

"I get the point."

"I forgive you, Regina. Because I got to know you. It's crazy how this friendship started and I honestly have no idea how this happened, but I've forgiven you and I'm glad I did because getting to know you has made me love you."

Regina's eyes moistened a little bit at her friend's words before he started talking again.

"And everyone else in this town who isn't trying to get to know you is really missing out. So really, if you do let Emma love you,

you'll be doing her a favor."

"Jefferson," Regina said, stopping him from continuing. She rolled her eyes, "You're a moron."

He giggled that insanely beautiful giggle of his before taking on a serious expression and stating, "She does love you, Reg. I can tell. You love her too."

Regina sighed painfully and cuddled back into Jefferson's hug. She paused, pushing the tears back into her eyes, willing them not to spill over as she told him, "I know."

"So tell her."

"Okay."

...

7. Almond Milk

Every day for the past three months at 7:15, a beautiful brunette named Regina walked into The Friendly Bean coffee shop, and every day she ordered the same thing: a medium sized Espresso Guillermo with a slice of lime and a shot of creme. Emma didn't know Regina's last name, she only knew exactly how Regina liked her coffee... Really hot and served with almond milk.

Emma sighed. Every day for the past three months, Regina walked in wanting the same thing, and every day Emma had to tell her that they didn't serve almond milk. Regina was lactose-intolerant and always ended up settling for Lactaid, but still she asked every single morning before she left on her way to work.

But today was different.

Regina walked into the coffee shop at 7:18, three minutes later than usual. Her hair was slightly ruffled and her blouse was in disarray, but still she managed to throw a small, polite smile in Emma's direction.

She walked up to the counter that Emma stood behind and stated, "The usual, please."

Emma nodded, grabbing the espresso that Emma had made a few minutes prior so that it would be ready to go. She wrapped it in some napkins so that Regina wouldn't burn her hand while holding it and then handed it to the brunette with a customer smile plastered on her face.

Regina barely blushed as she took the cardboard cup that had her name written on it, but then smiled as she asked, "Do you happen to have any almond milk?"

The question was inevitable, but this time, Emma was ready.

"I do," she said, smirking and reaching under the counter to get the mini-carton of almond milk she had bought with her own money that morning.

She handed Regina the small carton and a straw and the both of them blushed. "Thank you," Regina muttered shyly, which amused Emma since Regina didn't seem like a shy person.

Regina paid and Emma took the money, saying, "See you tomorrow, Regina," before moving on to another customer.

End
file.